

Fightball



WHAT?!
it's MY
PUNK
LOOK!



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BUDDY BRADLEY

WHO WOULD YOU RATHER
FUCK: GINGER OR MARY ANN?

with
STINKY
and LISA



By D. CLOWES • All characters © PETER J. JAGGER 2004

IT IS A CULTURE OF CONTRIVED CONTRARIENESS... WE LISTEN TO NEPTUS PERFORMED, DISCORDANT MUSIC AND WEAR UGLY, ILL-FITTING CLOTHES. WE FEAR OUR BETTERS AND ARE DISINTERESTED IN ANYTHING BEYOND GORRID DETAILS OF PERSONAL DEGRADATION IN OUR ARTISTS. OUR RESPONSE TO A CULTURE OF GADISISM IS TO MARCHICALLY SCAR AND WOUND OURSELVES. WE POSE NO THREAT TO THE STANDING ORDER; WE HAVE DIRECTED OUR REBELLION INWARD, SEEKING TO PROVOKE FITS, DISGUST AND REGRET IN OUR PARENTS RATHER THAN THE FEAR OF PRINCIPAL IDENTITY BOUGHT BY PREVIOUS "COUNTER-CULTURES".



UNLIKE THOSE PREVIOUS COUNTER-CULTURES, WE ARE NOT A REJECTION OF WHAT CAME BEFORE, BUT A TOOTH-LESS HYBRID. REMOVING THE BASICALLY GROSS INTENT FROM THE MOVEMENTS OF THE LATE '60S AND LATE '70S AND EMERGING WITH WHAT AMOUNTS TO LITTLE MORE THAN A FASHION TREND. WE HAVE EXTRACTED VARIOUS ASPECTS FROM THOSE TWO CULTURES ("ALTERNATIVE MEDIA" AND SELF-CONSCIOUS CLOPPINESS FROM THE FORMER AND SMUGGLES WORTH OF TRICK FROM THE LATTER) AND FORMED AN AGGREGATE THAT IS MEANINGFUL ONLY IN THAT IT INDICATES CLEARLY THAT OURS IS AN EMPIRE IN SHARP DECLINE.



PREVIOUS "YOUTH MOVEMENTS" LOOKED TO REVOLUTIONARY TRUTH-SEEKING FOR LEADERSHIP. OUR HEROES ARE MASS-MURDERERS, CARTOONISTS AND ALCOHOLICS. IT'S FITTING THAT OUR CULTURAL MECCA IS A GRAY, LIFELESS AREA KNOWN PREVIOUSLY FOR ITS RAINFALL AND HIGH CONCENTRATION OF NAZIS. BUT, OF COURSE, THE "SEATTLE SCENE" IS OVER. THE "GRUNGE YEARS" ARE BEHIND US. WE RECEIVED FAR MORE ATTENTION THAN OUR UNIMPRESSIONABLE NUMBERS (LESS THAN ONE PERCENT OF THE POPULATION) DESERVED AND WE WILL NOW SINK INTO OBLIVION, TO BE REMEMBERED (PERHAPS) ONLY BY SOME EVEN MORE IDIOTIC FUTURE GENERATION, WHO WILL MIMIC OUR MANNERISMS IN A REGRESSIVE ATTEMPT TO AVOID THE HORRORS THAT GARELY LIE BEFORE US.



THE END

BLUE ITALIAN SHIT

By + Clonard

SO ANYWAY, MY NAME IS RODDER YOUNG, ETC., ETC.
I'M EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD AND STILL A VIRGIN AT THIS
POINT. I'VE JUST MOVED TO THE BIG CITY. THIS IS
ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. IT'S THE FALL OF 1979...

UP TO THIS POINT IN MY LIFE
THINGS HAVEN'T GONE TOO WELL. SO
NOW, FINALLY, HERE'S MY BIG CHANCE
TO CREATE A NEW PERSONA. IT'S THE
PERFECT PLACE TO BEGIN A STORY...

AS WE BEGIN, OUR CITY HAS
ENTERED AN ERA OF EXTREME
ADULTERY AND DEATH... WE'RE USED
TO IT NOW, BUT AT THAT TIME THE
UNHELPFUL FILTH CARRIED WITH
IT A WHOLE LOT, ALMOST SPIRITUAL
QUALITY...

A FEW YEARS LATER, I'M SITTING ON
A STOOP WITH MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL,
FRIEND. I FEEL THAT WE'VE FALLEN
IN LOVE DURING THE COURSE OF
THE AFTERNOON. A BUN PICKS UP
ONE THIS AND STARTS TALKING TO US...



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WHEN HE LEAVE TOWARD US AND HOWLS
THREE HEAVES OF WHAT LOOKS LIKE RAGE
AND CHIEFS, AND WALKS AWAY LIKE
NOTHING HAPPENED. THAT'S WHAT I
MEAN BY BIBLICAL...IT'S LIKE THEY
SENT AN ANGEL TO PUNISH US FOR
OUR ADULTERY THOUGHTS.

BUT THAT WAS LATER. WE'RE STILL IN
1918. SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER WAS STILL
THE BIG CULTURAL REFERENCE -- WHEN I
FIRST GOT THERE I WENT TO THE BARBER
SHOP. THE WHOLE TIME I'M WORRYING
ABOUT HOW MUCH IT'S GOING TO COST
AND NOT PAYING ATTENTION AND THE
NEXT THING I KNOW, THERE I AM
WITH A JOHN TRAVOLTA HAIRCUT!

I JUST PAID AND GOT OUT... I ALWAYS
THINK ABOUT THAT... THERE WERE SEVERAL
MINUTES ON THIS EARTH WHEN I HAD A
JOHN TRAVOLTA HAIRCUT!



WARBORN WAS IN THE AIR IN THOSE DAYS. WE HAD TO
REGISTER AGAIN FOR THE DRAFT. REAGAN WAS ABOUT TO BE
ELECTED, THE NUCLEAR CLOCK WAS AT 33:07... I GAVE
IN TO IT WITHOUT A FIGHT... BEYOND THAT, EVEN...

IT WAS COMFORTING TO EMBRACE MY DORM IN FRONT OF
OTHERS, BUT EVERY NIGHT I WOULD LIE AWAKE, SCARED SHIT-
LESS OF ALL SORTS OF THINGS THAT WOULD UP NEVER HAPPENING...



During this time I was living with two roommates...



THAT WAS A TOTALLY WORTHLESS, DISGUSTING SPOT. HE LISTENED TO EDMUND, WALKED AROUND NAKED, AND HIS FAVORITE SNACK WAS WONDER BREAD SMOTHERED IN RANCH DRESSING.



DAVID WAS A PRETTY INTERESTING CASE -- WAS HE SAY? I MEAN, HE WAS A FASHION STUDENT, HE SPOKE IN AN AFFECTED WAY, LIKE A DISAPPOINTING NATION, AND HE WAS REALLY INTO MOTOWN -- BUT HE NEVER HAD A BOYFRIEND OR ANYTHING...



I THOUGHT HE MADE IT PRETTY CLEAR -- IN POINT OF FACT, HE WAS THE MEAN-EST GUY I EVER MET, POSSESSING A FORDRIBLE KNACK FOR HONORS IN ON ONE'S BREAK POINTS (ALWAYS IN THE THIRD PERSON -- ALL THE MORE DANGEROUS) AND ENLARGING THEM...

...I TOLD HER SHE LOOKED NICE, BUT I WAS THINKING "TELL ME: IN WHAT EXACT YEAR WAS IT FASHIONABLE TO WEAR BLUE ITALIAN SHIRT?"



OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT I HAD A DIFFERENT PERSONA ENTIRELY... THE PUNK SCENE WAS PRETTY MUCH OVER IN 1979 BUT IT WAS NEW TO ME. I WRAPPED MYSELF AS SORT OF A ROUGH-HAIR TONK-BUS (I) PRETTY PATHETIC, BUT I MANAGED TO TEMPORARILY ATTRACT A FEW DRUNKEN GIRLS WITH IT...



WHO KNOWS? MAYBE HE WAS JUST ASEXUAL, OR WHAT-EVER... THERE WAS JUST NO WAY YOU COULD EVER IMAGINE HIM EVEN KISSING A WOMAN...



THE ONLY TIME I EVER SAW BEYOND HIS CULTIVATED FACADE WAS WHEN I CAME HOME EARLY ONCE AND FOUND HIM PURSUING STUFFS ON HIS BED TO A COMING FRANKS RECORD...



I DIDN'T HANG OUT WITH MY ROOMMATES MUCH, BUT EVEN SO, AFTER A FEW MONTHS I BEGAN TO ADOPT SOME OF DRIFTING VOCABULARY, MOSTLY ONLY WHEN I WAS TALKING TO HIM... I'VE OFTEN IN-GESTATED MYSELF TO BULLIES AND CREEPS LIKE THAT, COME TO THINK OF IT...



THIS WORKED UP TO A POINT, BUT IT WAS ESSENTIAL TO GET AWAY BEFORE I SAID SOMETHING TO DESTROY THE ILLUSION...



UP TO THIS POINT, I HAD NOT TAKEN DRUGS OF ANY KIND... I GUESS I HAVEN'T REALLY SINCE THEN EITHER... I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE TAKEN MORE DRUGS, BUT I COULDN'T STAND THE IDEA OF LOOKING LIKE A NOVICE... IT WAS KINDA THE SAME REASON I HADN'T HAD SEX YET... ANYWAY, ONE NIGHT THIS OLDER COUPLE CONVINCED ME TO TAKE ACID...



I REMEMBER LOOKING AROUND AND BEING ACUTELY AWARE OF HOW HOPELESS EVERYONE LOOKED... I MEAN REALLY HOPELESS, AS IN NO HOPE EVER... THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE RIDDEN THE SUBWAY WILL RECOGNIZE THAT THIS WAS NOT JUST SOME MALCOLM X...



I'M NOT SURE THEY EVEN EXIST ANYMORE, BUT ANYWAY, GOD LOVE 'EM! NOT THAT I'D GOTTEN LAD AT THIS POINT, BUT IT WASN'T THEIR FAULT... ANYWAY, AS I SAID, THE PUNK THING WAS JUST ABOUT OVER, BUT I WAS STILL TALKING INTO IT... I SPENT EVERY PENNY I HAD ON RECORDS... I STILL HAVE 'EM ALL... ACTUALLY, I GUESS I'VE SOLD A LOT OF THEM...



I WALKED AROUND FOR SEVERAL HOURS AND DECIDED TO GO TO A LAME "ROCK" CLUB... THREE BANDS I'D NEVER HEARD OF, BUT NO COVER... AT THIS POINT I WAS EXTREMELY JITTERY, BUT SOME NEOPHYTE, ONE-OF-IT PUNK GUY STARTED TALKING TO ME ANYWAY...



IT TURNED OUT IT WAS ONLY SOME REALLY R-D SPEED... I DECIDED TO RIDE THE SUBWAY WHILE I WAS WAITING FOR MY "TRIP" TO BEGIN, BUT I ONLY GOT A WEIRD, NERVOUS TINGLING IN MY SCALP... FOR SEVERAL HOURS I CONTINUOUSLY COMBED BACK ONE SIDE OF MY HAIR WITH MY FINGERS...



OH, PUNK GIRLS... THEY CAUSED MY LIFE... NOT THE KIND OF PUNK GIRLS WHO ARE SCARY DRUG ADDICTS AND LIVE IN ABANDONED BUILDINGS, BUT A DIFFERENT TYPE OF LONELY, NAIVE, URBAN MISFIT-GIRL...



I REMEMBER ONE TIME ON THE SUBWAY THIS GUY WAS HASCUING ME ABOUT JEDS AND I TOLD HIM I WAS BROKE AND HE HANDED ME A 20 DOLLAR BILL... THAT WAS LIKE 80 DOLLARS NOWADAYS...



HE SAID, "NOW DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THERE AT LEAST MIGHT BE SOME HIGHER POWER LOOKING OUT FOR YOU?" I SAID "YES!" AND WENT DOWNTOWN AND BOUGHT 20 DOLLARS WORTH OF GINGLES...



ANYWAY, BOTH OF MY ROOMMATES SPLIT. NAT JUST DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT AND DAVID, I THINK, GOT TIRED OF ME INTERRUPTING HIM AND "TOLD OFF". I CAN'T GIVE I BLAME HIM, IT EMBARRASSED ME TO THINK ABOUT IT NOW... IT'S JUST THAT I COULDN'T STAND THE IDEA OF HIM TALKING ABOUT ME BEHIND MY BACK THAT WAY.... I GUESS I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A "PRETTY WARRIOR"-ABLE GUY...

SO I MOVED TO ANOTHER ROOM WITH THE GADGET AND MOST FASCINATING OF ALL ROOMMATES...



LARRY WAS THE TEXTBOOK DEFINITION OF A GEEK. HIS CREEPINESS WAS IMMEDIATELY APPARENT AND NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF HIS EXTREMELY CREEPY APPEARANCE. FOR INSTANCE, HE KEPT A SPYGLASS IN HIS POCKET WITH WHICH HE WOULD SCRUTINIZE EVERY WOMAN WHO ENTERED THE BUILDING...



HE WAS A 28-YEAR-OLD ENGINEERING STUDENT. HE WAS (AND I'M SURE STILL IS) A VIRGIN. HE MADE HIS OWN FURNITURE OUT OF CARDBOARD (COULD I MAKE THAT UPSIDE AND SHOWED NO DISTASTE FOR MY DESSERT (WHICH COULD NOT HAVE BEEN LESS LIKE HIS AND WAS GIVEN CREDITS SPECIALLY TO OFFEND HIM)...



AFTER A FEW DAYS OF TORTURE, I KNEW THAT THIS WAS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME AND VOWED TO STICK IT OUT. IF THIS SEEMS LIKE A POINTLESS DETOUR IT'S ONLY BECAUSE I REFUSE TO LET SACRIFICE GO TO WASTE.



HE HAD AN INCORRUPITABLE, MANNERED CHEAPNESS PERFECTLY SUITING HIS MASTER-LIKE PERSONALITY. HIS DIET CONSISTED OF FROZEN TONGUE SAUSAGES AND CORN FLAKES WHICH HE ATE WITH A SPOONFUL, GOGGLES, SLEEPING JUSTO...



HE WAS A DEVOTED REPUBLICAN (OFTEN REFERRING TO OUR GOON-TO-BE FORMER PRESIDENT AS "MR. PEANUT") AND AN ATHEIST, BUT WAS ODDLY UNABLE TO SMILE WITHOUT USING ANEWAY, HOME MADE EUPHEMISM, VERBOUSE OF WHICH WAS "GUCK" IN PLACE OF "FUCK"...



ONLY ONE TIME DO I REMEMBER HIM PUBLISHING A "MATE". SHE WAS A HOMELESS GIRL WHO WORKED AT THE STORE ACROSS THE STREET WHO HE SUSPECTED WAS SMILING AT HIM. I KNEW SHE WAS THAT THAT SMILEY TYPE, BUT STILL I EGGED HIM ON... IT APPARENTLY WENT LIKE THIS:



HE WAS ENTIRELY WITHOUT CHARM AND I TALKED TO HIM ONLY IN THE SPIRIT OF MORBID FASCINATION, WHICH MADE THE SUDDEN REVELATION OF THIS HORRIBLE FACT ALL THE MORE CHILLING.



"KNOW, NOW THAT I'M NO LONGER ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH 'THE MOOSE', I GUESS THAT MAKES YOU MY BEST FRIEND ...

YOW!

HE WOULDN'T HAVE NUMBERED AMONG HIS FIFTH BEST FRIENDS AND I'M A LONER!

NOT THAT I CAN CLAIM I REALLY CARED ABOUT SUCH THINGS BEGGING AT THE TIME... IT TOOK ME ANOTHER 4 OR 5 YEARS BEFORE I DEVELOPED ANY SORT OF A CONSCIENCE (AND TO BE HONEST, I'M NOT EVEN SURE THAT'S WHAT IT IS) ... I'M A LATE BLOOMER, I GUESS... ANYWAY, THE LAST TIME I SAW LARRY WAS 7 OR 8 YEARS AGO. I WAS LIVING IN A DIFFERENT PLACE AND HE STOPPED BY THE MINUTE HE GOT INSIDE. HE STARTED TAPPING ON THE WALLS WITH HIS FINGERTIPS...

PASTERBOARD!



THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THOSE DAYS... IN RETROSPECT, IT SEEMS LIKE THEY WERE ALL FLIRTING WITH ME. ONLY I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO READ THE SIGNS... IT WAS A TRAGIC SEASON OF MISSED OPPORTUNITIES... THIS WAS EVEN BEFORE AIDS...



WHAT DOES YOUR BROTHER SAY?

UH... I-IT'S A BAND...

I CONSTANTLY MADE FUN OF POOR LARRY BEHIND HIS BACK WHILE APPEARING TO BE HIS PAL... WHAT A CALLOUS BASTARD! FORTUNATELY, WHENEVER I START TO FEEL BAD ABOUT IT, I HAVE A BACKLOG OF MEMORIES THAT JUSTIFY MY CRUELTY...



I CAN GET ALONG WITH ANYBODY, BUT I DRAW THE LINE WITH COONS AND FROGS!

DURING THAT SUMMER WITH LARRY I WENT OUT EVERY NIGHT. IT'S LIKE I KNEW THAT NOTHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN AT HOME, SO I WENT OUT TO IMPROVE MY CHANCES. I SPENT THE WHOLE SUMMER WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN... IT WAS REALLY HOT BUT I NEVER TOOK OFF MY LEATHER JACKET...



THIS WAS ALSO THE SUMMER I STARTED DRINKING HEAVY... I STRONGLY RECOMMEND IT FOR ANYONE WHO HAS TROUBLE TALKING TO THIS APPROPRIATE SEX... IT PROBABLY STILL BE A VIRGIN IF NOT FOR ALCOHOL...



I REMEMBERED ONE NIGHT I WAS AT THIS BAR... SOME GIRL TOLD ME TO MEET HER THERE, BUT THEN SHE SHOWED UP WITH A BUNCH OF FRIENDS AND MASHED ME - IT WAS PRETTY ANNOYING SO I DRANK A LOT... PARTLY TO MAKE HER THINK I WAS A HARD-DRINKING BAD-ASS...



AFTER SHE AND HER FRIENDS LEFT, I TOOK THE SHORTEST ROUTE THROUGH DOWNTOWN AND STARTED WALKING AROUND THE BUSINESS DISTRICT... IT WAS TOTALLY DESERTED...



ABOUT AN HOUR LATER IT WAS MORNING. I HADN'T SEEN ANYBODY SINCE THE BUMS. OUT OF NOWHERE THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL CAME FROM AROUND THE CORNER AND WALKED PAST ME... WE SMILED AND LOOKED BACK AT EACH OTHER... I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT LOOK ON HER FACE...



IT'S LIKE WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER, I USED TO HANG OUT AT THE BEACH WITH THIS KID NAMED BENIS, A DUMB SOCIAL DEVANT WHO WAS INTO RUSH AND SUEL KNEVEL... THIS BEACH WAS TOTALLY DESERTED AND WE WERE ALWAYS WAITING... AT LEAST ONCE A DAY WE'D GO THROUGH THIS RITUAL:

"THE LEATHER JACKET I USED TO HAVE... I GAVE IT TO A GIRL I WAS IN LOVE WITH IN 1985... ONLY ONE OF MANY REGRETS..."



AT ABOUT 4:50 I WALKED BY THIS VACANT LOT THAT WAS FILLED WITH A GRAY OPACINE CLOUD OF STEAM... I WENT OVER TO TAKE A LOOK AND I COULD SEE THERE WERE LIKE 25 BUMS ASLEEP ON THESE STEAM VENTS... IT WAS BURN HEAVEN, THOUGH WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY WERE BREATHING...



IT WAS ONE OF THOSE RARE MOMENTS WHERE LIFE DELIVERS ON THE PROMISES OFFERED BY HOLLYWOOD... I JUST STOOD THERE AND WATCHED HER DISAPPEAR LIKE THE PATHETIC, "ROMANTIC" COMEDY I WAS (AND STILL AM, I GUESS)... IN A WAY, IT WAS A PERFECT MOMENT - EVERYTHING I HAD BEEN WAITING FOR... PEOPLE LIKE ME PROBABLY DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO ACTUALLY HAPPEN TO THEM, ANYWAY...



ANYWAY, TOWARD THE END OF THE SUMMER, I FLICKED A GIRL I MET AT A BUZZCOCKS CONCERT. SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MY FIRST TIME AND I DIDN'T TELL HER.



ORDER NOW!

my name is **SPURT MAGOO...**

I'M A WORLD-REKNOOWNED SPORTS-MAN AND PHILANTHROPIST; I'M A HOLDER OF SEVERAL PATENTS; I WON A SILVER MEDAL IN THE 1956 OLYMPICS; I'VE MADE A NUMBER OF IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FIELD OF MICROBIOLOGY AND I WROTE THE LYRICS TO THE 1940'S STANDARD "IRISH SUNRISE". MY FAVORITE COMIC MAGAZINE IS **EIGHTBALL**.



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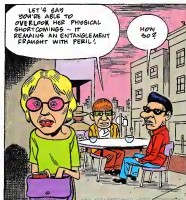
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Clones of



COOL YOUR JETS





AND ONCE IT GETS STARTED, THERE ARE ONLY TWO WAYS IT CAN GO: IF SHE'S EVIL, YOU'LL BE USEFUL TO HER ONLY AS A TEMPORARY, EGO-BOLSTERING DIVERSION...



AND IF SHE'S NOT EVIL, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE SHE GETS REALLY BORED...



AND KNOWING THESE WOMEN ARE INVERTEDLY ATTRACTED TO DUMB MUSCLEBOUND STUMBS... WHICH IN THE SAME WAY THAT MEN LIKE YOU AND I ARE PRONE TO FAWN OVER SMUG, GLILION-INJECTED SLUTS...



MOREOVER, SHE'S ALMOST CERTAINLY A NARCISSISTIC MORON WHO WILL JABBER ENDLESSLY ABOUT "HER CAREER", AEROBICS, ETC...



IF I CAN'T GET RID OF THIS ARM FLAB BEFORE MY OCTOBER ANNI, I'LL GO TO IT THAT MY TRAINER NEVER WORKS AGAIN!

I HAVE THE SAME BIRTH-STONE AS MARILYN!

AND EVEN IF YOU CAN STOMACH SUCH NONSENSE YOU'VE GOT A TUGH ROW TO GO... YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT YOUR WAY THROUGH A CROWD, COMPETING AGAINST WORLD-CLASS MASTER MANIPULATORS...



I'M IMPRESSED BY A MAN WHO CAN MRANGLE HIS WAY PAST MY HANDLERS...

BUT CAN YOU WERE ABLE TO ESTABLISH A ROMANTIC TOO-HOLD-MOUD HAVE TO PAY HER YOUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION, DOTE ON HER LIKE A GODDESS, AND PLY HER WITH SIMPLISTIC SPIRITUAL NUMBO-JUMBO FOR AS LONG AS YOU WANTED THE RELATIONSHIP TO LAST.

WE ONLY SEE YOUR PHYSICAL SELF. YOU NEED THE GROUNDING I CAN GIVE YOU... I APPRECIATE YOUR INNER BEAUTY... THE SAD, BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL INSIDE YOU... ETC ETC.



SHUFF!

AND CAN YOU DO THIS... YOU WASTE THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE... WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HER VIRTUES FADE? WHAT ARE YOU LEFT WITH? SOME SHRELL, SELF-OBSSESSED, DRUNKEN HAG!

LEW... AM I STILL BEAUTIFUL?

OF COURSE...

NO I'M NOT, I HATE YOU! LOOK AT THIS HOUSE! I COULD HAVE MARRIED A BELUSHY! GROT!



I DUNNO... IT MIGHT BE WORTH IT...

OF COURSE IT WOULDN'T!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT THEN WHAT, LEW? WHAT'S THE ANSWER?



WELL, THAT'S A VERY COMPLI...

HOW ABOUT HERE? A NICE, PLAIN, QUIET, SHY GIRL SHE WOULDN'T GIVE YOU ANY TROUBLE... COULDN'T YOU HAVE A NICE LIFE WITH SOMEONE LIKE HER?



SURE, YOU COULD CONTROL HER TO SUIT YOUR NEEDS, EXPLOITING HER WEAKNESS AND PASSIVITY WITHOUT NECESSARILY EVEN BEING AWARE OF IT...

GERRY I'M LATE! WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

...WHAT?



THIS CAN GO ON FOR YEARS, BUT ONE DAY WHEN SHE'S ABOUT FIFTY, SHE'LL GET SICK OF IT AND COME OUT OF HER SHELL. HER PERSONALITY WILL CHANGE DRAMATICALLY AND SHE'LL TAKE UP AN ANNOYING HOBBY JUST TO IRRITATE YOU AND YOU'LL BE STUCK...

MY THEATER FRIENDS ARE COMING OVER FOR A REHEARSAL TONIGHT...

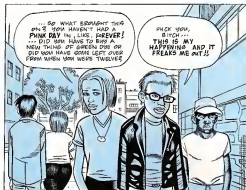
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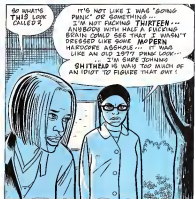
GH0ST W0RLD























ADMIT IT,
YOU REALLY
DO HATE
ALL MEN!

MAYBE
I DO



OH MAN, THAT
WAS INTENSE--

"INTENSE"?

SHUT UP!
THOSE REDNECK GUYS WERE
FRIENDS WITH JOE SKEETES!
THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET
HIM HERE, BUT HE DIDN'T SHOW
UP AND THEY GOT LIKE REALLY
NERVOUS AND SAID SOMETHING
ABOUT HOW SKEETES IS
DANGEROUS AND I SHOULDN'T
GET MIXED UP WITH HIM!

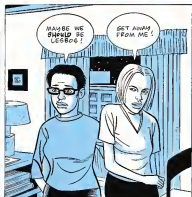


...YOU'RE NOT
FOOLING ANYBODY
WITH THAT TONGUE
-- I THINK --

BOOP



LOOK HOW
HOT WE ARE...
HOW COME NO BOYS
EVER ASK US OUT
ON DATES?



MAYBE WE
SHOULD BE
LESBOG?

GET AWAY
FROM ME!



THE PROBLEM IS THE KIND OF GUYS
I WANT TO GO OUT WITH DOESN'T
EVEN EXIST... LIKE A RUGGED,
CHAIN-SMOKING, INTELLECTUAL,
ADVENTURER GUY WHO'S REALLY
SERIOUS, BUT ALSO REALLY
FUNNY AND MEAN--



THEN HOW COME
THE ONLY GUY YOU
EVER FUCKED IS
THE TOTAL
OPPOSITE
OF THAT?

I KNOW--
IT'S FUCKED!
SOMETIMES I
THINK I ACT
SO STUPID BE-
CAUSE I'M GOING
CRAZY FROM
SEXUAL
FRUSTRATION!



HAVEN'T
YOU HEARD
ABOUT THE
MIRACLE OF
MASTURBATION?

I DUNNO...
IT NEVER WORKS--

I ALWAYS
WIND UP
THINKING ABOUT
MR. PIERCE--



ANOMALIES and CURIOSITIES of MEDICINE

Being an encyclopaedic collection of rare and extraordinary cases and of the most striking instances of abnormality in all branches of medicine, derived from the authoritative records of medical literature from 1850 to the present day.

by GEORGE M. GOULD, A.M., M.D.
and WALTER L. FYLE, A.M., M.D.
ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL G. CLOWES, S.F.A.

Chapter II Minor Ternia SUPERNUMERARY EYES

"THE VISION IN EACH ORGAN APPEARED TO BE PERFECT. HE COULD REVOLVE EACH EYE SEPARATELY IN ITS ORBIT, LOOKING BACKWARD WITH ONE AND FORWARD WITH ANOTHER, UPWARD WITH ONE AND DOWNWARD WITH ANOTHER SIMULTANEOUSLY."



"HE COULD PLAY THE FIDDLE, THOUGH IN A SILLY SORT. HE ALSO SANG, BUT IN A ROUGH, SCREECHING VOICE NOT TO BE LISTENED TO WITHOUT DISGUST."



There is a recent report of a child born in Paris with its eyes in the top of its head. The infant seemed to be doing well and thousands of people have flocked to see it.



Recent reports speak of a child in Portland, Oregon, which has a median third eye between two normal eyes.



Everett Ch. E. Frenkel examined worm in the uterus

The "Four-eyed man of Cordoba" was a celebrated English monstrosity of whom little reliable information is available. He was visited by W. Davis, who is accredited with reporting the following:

"SO WONDEROUS A THING, SUCH A LUSUS NATURAE, SUCH A SCORN AND SPITE OF NATURE I HAVE NEVER SEEN. IT WAS A DREADFUL AND SHOCKING SIGHT!"



"HE WAS OF A SAVAGE, MALIGNANT DISPOSITION, DELIGHTING IN VULGAR TRICKS, TEASING CHILDREN, TORTURING HELPLESS ANIMALS, UTTERING BLASPHEMOUS WORDS, AND ACTING ALTOGETHER LIKE THE MONSTER, MENTAL AND PHYSICAL, THAT HE WAS!"

